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DEMOCRATIC ANNOUNCEMENTS
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Member of Congress from the Fourth Congressional District of Missouri, subject to the primary election, August 8, 1916.
ROBERT L. YOUNG.

"ANYTHING TO BEAT WILSON"

That is the Roosevelt slogan—and he will go to almost any degree to bring it about.

Theodore's hatred for Wilson is limited only by his capacity for hating—the acrid virulent sort in which a disappointed and disgruntled man abounds—as does Teddy.

And Theodore the Noisy has set out in deep earnest to defeat Wilson—how, he does not care—only so that it is accomplished.

The preliminaries, it is believed, were arranged at a secret dinner given by "Big Business," which hates Wilson with an avidity and earnestness only equalled by that of Teddy—who was the guest of honor at this clandestine meeting of the "captains of industry"—who would each and every member sacrifice a leg or an arm if they could but again put one of their ilk—like Teddy—into the presidential chair in order that he might do their bidding—as Wilson will NOT.

In the light of what is now going on, it is interesting to note the personnel of that select coterie of "captains of industry," who, by the invitation of Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, met Teddy at the secret banquet given at the home of Gary, the head of the steel trust. There was, beside Gary and Teddy, Jacob H. Schiff, George F. Baker, George W. Perkins, A. Barton Hepburn, Frank A. Vanderbilt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Frank B. Kellogg, Daniel Guggenheim, August Belmont, Clarence H. Mackay, George Cortelyou, C. A. Coffin, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric company; Henry Walters of Pullman, railroad director and a director of the steel corporation, and E. C. Converse, president of the Bankers' Trust company. Says the New York Herald: "It was commented upon as a matter of unusual interest that practically every big financial group was represented, there being particularly large representation of United States Steel and Standard Oil interests. The various banking groups represented, it was said, formed a body for which no project could be too big."

The fact that Theodore met representatives of practically all the big business and financial interests of the country, and that was shrouded in secrecy, was of political significance is very generally conceded. But whether it foreshadows the appearance of Colonel Roosevelt himself as a presidential candidate, or was to further his intense eagerness to "beat Wilson" with some other candidate there is wide difference of opinion.

The New York World reports, on authority which it vouches for as "very reliable," that it was the colonel himself who suggested the meeting; that it was his overtures to "Judge Gary and his old friends in the steel trust which resulted in the presence about the banquet board of a score or more of the nation's big money men." It is The World's information, also, that Colonel Roosevelt protested, at the meeting, that he himself is not a candidate, and that "his only present political purpose is to bring about the defeat of the Wilson administration; that with this end in view he seeks to marshal all the forces antagonistic to the president."

Apparently, so opinion runs, it is a case of needs must when the devil drives. The great corporate interests are wedded, as ever, to the flesh pots of protection. They do not and cannot take kindly to the tariff and taxation policies of President Wilson and the Democratic party. The thing of paramount importance is to reinstate a protectionist in the presidential chair, and back him up, if possible, with a congress that will send up to him a high tariff bill to sign.

It is also stated that Teddy let it be known that under certain conditions he would "accept" Judge Hughes as the Republican candidate. Also that he might be induced to look with favor upon either of these two tickets:

For president, Theodore Burton of Ohio; for vice-president, Hiram Johnson of California.

For president, Albert B. Cummins of Iowa; for vice-president, Hiram

Johnson of California.

Even Root, it is stated, would be acceptable to Colonel Roosevelt, provided he were allowed to name Root's running mate.

It is impossible to say whether this represents accurate reporting or mere reportorial conjecture. What can be said with certainty, however, is that Colonel Roosevelt is extremely anxious to "beat Wilson" because of the president's war policies, and that he will go to almost any length short of abject surrender to bring about a reunion of the Republican party to that end. As a practical politician Colonel Roosevelt realizes how powerful "big business" is in the national councils of the Republican party. Therefore as a first and necessary step toward an amalgamation the colonel sets forth to rally big business to the support of his program, whatever it may be. He does this with the more confidence because he is aware how ripe is big business for a fight against the policies of the Wilson administration if it can be made to appear that there is a reasonable chance for success.

It will be "anything to beat Wilson" that will rally "big business" under the leadership of Teddy the Noisy—but he has not yet succeeded in harnessing one of the best presidents the United States has had—and he and Big Business CANNOT.

A FREE ADVERTISING DOCTOR

In view of the furor kicked up in this state last year by the attempt to remove our own Doctor Woodson from the presidency of the State Medical society because he ran a paltry few lines of advertising his office location in some of the St. Joseph newspapers, it is interesting and also supremely disgusting to note the noise which has broken loose over the fact that a Chicago doctor refused to perform an operation that might have prolonged the life of a deformed, paralyzed and idiotic baby. It is even said that the medical profession is going to institute proceedings to take away his license to practice medicine, while the evidence that a good many of the profession have failed to prolong life, which they say is the offense committed, lies buried in thousands of graves all over the land. If this doctor is an able physician the refusal to grant him the right to practice might result in the death of other babies for want of medical attention who are not deformed and paralyzed and would grow up to be good citizens.

But the point which this paper started out to make, and wherein the case of Doctor Woodson would apply, is that there is a charge which might be brought against that Chicago doctor, which, if proved, punishment for it would be sanctioned by the public. He got at least a half million dollars' worth of advertising for which he did not pay a cent. If the medical profession wants to bring that charge against him, no one will object. But this charge of crime because he refused to operate to prolong the life of a paralyzed and idiotic baby to most men seems of itself to be idiotic, especially when there are thousands of babies dying constantly because no one performs the operation of putting the right kind of food in their mouths. According to the reports of the Children's Bureau at Washington, several hundred thousand babies in the United States died last year because of the refusal to perform such an operation as that. There was no necessity to make this case public. Every physician of large practice knows that there are many such cases every year. It looks like it was a very disgusting free advertising scheme, and if the doctor is punished for that there will be no objection.

THAT EUROPEAN HAR-HAR-HAR

When a standpat Republican in Washington, the other day, in referring to the United States foreign policy, made the assertion that "all Europe is laughing at us," the reference was probably true in a sense, for if it is laughing it must be a painful manifestation of pleasure—like grinning when one has a cracked lip.

On the other hand, it may be laughing in the spirit depicted by the clever cartoonist of the Chicago Daily News who takes this statement, "All Europe is laughing at us," for his text. In the foreground he shows Uncle Sam, blithe and happy, with a Christmas wreath dangling behind him and with parcels labeled "Peace," "Human rights" and "Good Will" under his arms. And he shows "all Europe" confined in a forbidding and gloomy structure appropriately lettered "War Manacles Home." Between the heavy bars crazed and sinister looking creatures—the masters of war—are peering out, with derisive words and gestures directed at your Uncle Samuel, their faces contorted with mirth.

"Waw, Haw, Haw! Chump!" bellows one. "He isn't killing anybody! Hee, hee!" chuckles another. "He's crazy!" cries a third, and "Why, he can't get us even a massacre," gurgles another.

There is a grave doubt in our mind that Europe is laughing at us. We rather fancy that just now as they are rallied upon to celebrate the birth

of Him who taught love and good will and brotherhood, Europe's peoples look longingly, as toward a brightly shining star in the midst of dimmer darkness, toward the United States of America, which has mercifully been spared to keep the lights of order and civilization burning, whose people are prosperous and at peace, and in whose homes dwell contentment and security.

It isn't "all Europe" that is "laughing at us." It is the Republican politicians trying to find an issue. It is a laugh devoid of mirth because it isn't a genuine laugh. Deep down in their hearts they're glad to be here rather than in Europe, even though we are outraged in our tenderest sensibilities by a government that seeks to settle our differences with other governments by "writing notes" rather than by sending our boys against their boys with guns in their hands—and targets pinned over their hearts.

THE FEVERISH ANXIETY OF REPUBLICANS

The feverish anxiety of the Republicans to get back into the saddle next year surpasses anything that has ever been known heretofore—and there is a reason—and the reason is perfectly clear.

The United States is prosperous, and getting more prosperous every day—and, moreover, good times are sure to continue for a considerable period, despite the terrible war waste in Europe. That's the reason of the Republicans' anxiety to break in.

If prosperity is allowed to grow and develop under a Democratic administration with the lowest tariff since the civil war, the country will never go back to Aldrichism, and ambitious Republicans may as well hang up theiddle and the bow for the next dozen years. But if the G. O. P. can grab control next year, raise the tariff, and yet hang to the results of President Wilson's wise statesmanship in passing the currency law and keeping the nation at peace—in a word, if the Republican organization can cash Wilson's checks, it will be safe for another period of prosperous plunder and "protection" graft like that ushered in by Mark Hanna.

This is why the nation is being combed for Republican presidential candidates. This is why Republican speakers and writers are going over President Wilson's record with a microscope, trying to find some trifling error on which to hang a wild complaint. This is why we hear such dolorous wailing about "our failure in Mexico"—where we have not failed, and such wild clamor about the national defense—which the Republican party neglected for sixteen years. Anything for an issue and anybody for a candidate, if that issue or that nominee seems to have a chance to beat President Wilson. That is the guiding principle that rules the Republican party today.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

Eyebrows seem to have been lifted in surprise during the past day or two because it became necessary for John Mattes, as an officer of the organization, to deny the oft-repeated rumor that the German-American alliance and its two million members would oppose the re-election of President Wilson on the ground that his neutrality is "out of kilter" or his diplomatic intercourse with the belligerents in Europe has not been impartial. We who love and work among the people of German birth and tradition are in turn surprised that there should be this apparent doubt of the German-American's intention to be, first and last, an American without the hyphen. We who know these people well realize what grave injustices are being done them every day by people who do not and, seemingly, cannot, understand. Some of the newspapers, for instance, that have congratulated Mr. Mattes and the German-American alliance upon the denial of the charge of opposition to the president ought to be better informed as to the mental processes of the average German mind. In that event they would understand quite thoroughly that they now seem to doubt: That whom we are calling the German-American is a mighty good citizen, a man of honor, integrity, thrift, deeply religious, a lover of home and all that home implies, and, above all, a patriot. History should teach all of us that the German, like the Irishman, the Englishman, and, lately, the Italian, has come more than once to the aid and comfort of his adopted land. Among every race transplanted in this rich soil, this "melting pot," are found men who are a disgrace to this country as well as to the country they left (their departure may have been on invitation), but the great majority become just what we native-born Americans want them to be: Loyal, patriotic, God-fearing citizens of this republic. Let's stop lifting our eyebrows in surprise and amazement over a statement that any class of citizens intends to be "for" this country in an emergency. Our surprise should arise only when we are told that any class is "against" this country.

That is what appeared in the Nebraska City Press, a leading Nebraska paper, the other day, and it is so true—so timely—and so apropos that we gladly reproduce it for the benefit of the great family of Observer readers.

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READ THIS—THEN BUY GASOLINE

The man who bought gasoline last summer at 12 cents a gallon, who now pays 18 cents and stands in danger of paying 30 cents six months from now, should not worry. He should think of the men who own the oil fields and, recalling that this is the Christmas season, he should let his heart be filled with joy at their good fortune.

For, be it understood, the increased price of gasoline is not due to an increase in the cost of procuring it. It is simply a case of charging all that the traffic will bear. The situation is analogous to that of a man with a barrel of water in the desert, amid 100 thirsty men. He may be able to sell the water for its weight in gold, whereas, if each of the 100 were supplied from other sources, it would be worth but a song.

In 1899, competent statisticians state, this country used 5,615,000 barrels of gasoline; in 1904, 5,815,000 barrels; in 1909, 10,806,000 barrels; in 1914, 18,000,000 barrels, and the 1915 estimate is 30,000,000 barrels. The production of crude oil, from which gasoline is refined, has not progressed apace. The result is that the owners of the crude oil can now sell their product at several fold what it brought a few years ago. The cost of production is practically the same, but the demand is so great that competing buyers run the price up. All of which means profits for the crude oil man.

It's fine for the oil field owners. Remember that, next time you fill the tank on your automobile.

Now please write it 1916.

A Happy New Year!

That peace palace is yet too much of an air castle.

How long before the colonel starts on another elephant hunt?

Do better in 1916 than you did in 1915—and you will be a better citizen.

And they will still have to drive, not call, the boys out of the trenches.

Hereafter will thousands say their ancestors sinned on the Oscar II?

Won't that be a great club—that Hadley-for-senator affair?

Those justices of the peace have their salaries raised—but they don't get them.

It is to be earnestly hoped that Teddy will resolve today to put a bridle on his tongue.

As Colonel Erockett remarked, "It is a certain way to stop highwaymen by shooting them."

In the death of Mrs. W. P. Fulkerston, St. Joseph loses a womanly woman.

Here's hoping that E. L. Platt will push the Commerce club up a notch or two this year.

The increase in passenger rates will not be effective today. You can still travel on the old plan.

If you have not sworn off, do so at once. Then you can experience the pleasure of backsliding.

What have you to say, you G. O. P. calamity howlers, about that \$341,561,349 Kansas field crop?

The Elpmoose is a new animal much prized by Republicans as a Christmas present.

Besides being Leap Year, 1916 is bound to be popular. It has fifty-three pay days.

Those people who do not like St. Joseph's ways are hereby invited to move out. You are not needed.

If careless children will coast on St. Joseph's hills, there should be no complaint when they are hurt.

Poor old Kansas City has had to drop down a peg on stock receipts and give second place to its hated rival—Omaha.

A fence built about a city just because you don't like your neighbor does not help business conditions.

A terrific storm blocked all traffic, including munitions, in New York. Up to date no plotters have been arrested.

Those shots fired by Richard Wade Monday night did more to stop hold-ups in St. Joseph than a thousand arrests.

A city is never made better by continually holding it up to public contempt—especially when it is not true.

It is a little peculiar that the peace ship Oscar II should carry a contingent of war to the belligerents.

There are those who imagine young Mr. New Year's first name is "Bill," and that his dad's initials are "I. O. U."

Democrats of St. Joseph should begin work today on the city campaign and thus insure a success all along the line in April.

The report of the activities of the Commerce club for the year just closed indicate that there were some hustlers at work.

A few more fearless deadshots such as Richard Wade, and the gentle art of stickin' 'em up will be a lost pastime in St. Joseph.

With Mayor Marshall's employees all enlisted in the service, he should have no trouble in shaking down the municipal nomination next month.

Much as the taking of human life is to be deplored, that taken on Monday night will probably save the lives of good reputable St. Joseph citizens.

Having been nominated and defeated for everything else on earth, the Hon. Bill Sulzer of Minnesota is going to try and run for governor on a "dry" ticket.

That Englishman, King, who says that no war indemnity will be exacted after the war is not talking through his hat—for the reason that no country could pay one.

Don't get excited—we are not going to have war with Austria. President Wilson has not lost his head—as have some of the jingoes who sell war supplies.

Mayor Marshall certainly is having things his own way, for now he has a Democratic council in addition to complete control of the entire Republican city machinery.

What's the use of continually holding up St. Joseph to the public gaze as a robbers' roost and gamblers' paradise, as the esteemed News-Press is continually doing—and just because it dislikes Doctor Crandall and Richard Wade?

Charley Morris' private secretary, Kunkel, of Oregon, is certainly on his job—for Charley. His advice amounts to about as much and is as efficient as the Dutchman's skunk of whom he so glibly orates.

If the people of this section are "broke," as the Republican calamity howlers would have one believe, they certainly have good credit, for over 1,000,000 Christmas presents came into or were sent out of the St. Joseph postoffice. It is a sort of "broke" that we like and appreciate.

Those Kansas censors who refused to allow a film to be shown in Kansas telling where liquor may be bought, have wasted their efforts, as every Kansan who wants the juice of future punishment knows where to—and does get all that he wants of it.

Luppy told the News-Press reporter that he did not gamble in Richard Wade's place—and then again he told him that he did. He told The Gazette representative that he did not gamble and lose money in Wade's place—and he stuck to that statement. The Gazette's word is just as good as that of The News-Press.

One of the most idiotic personal advertising stunts now being pulled off is that in which Helen Keller, the blind girl, tells that the newspapers for the blind which she receives from Berlin and Vienna and London are not censored and give true conditions as "the censors cannot read them." Great stuff!

No matter what his profession, Richard Wade had the lawful right to defend his property—and what is more, he had the nerve and the sand to defend it—which is more than those who are trying to bring the gambling situation into his action have. The gambling question has nothing to do with his defense of his property, and the good he has done for St. Joseph more than compensates for his profession.

Sayings of Missouri Editors

So Teddy Said—Once

Villa says that he is through. So said Teddy once.—Nodaway Democrat-Forum.

What's the Matter With Kansas?

The state of Kansas seems to be holding aloof from Henry Ford and his mission. Surely, Kansas groweth sane.—Henry County Democrat.

And the Reformer Needs It

At the age of 21 the average man starts in to reform the world, but at 50 he is busy trying to keep the world from reforming him.—Ralls County Record.

Peace Puts Them Out of a Job

Something is always happening to Mexico. This time it is peace which comes along and throws thousands of industrious persons out of work.—Kansas City Post.

Some "Squirrels" Still Left

A few squirrels down in the city of Omaha, who profess Republican faith, want Henry Ford to run for president. We thought all the squirrels boarded Oscar II last Saturday and were sailing across the briny deep.—Marcelline Mirror.

The Cash Salves the Hurt

If Spain is doing thirty million dollars of munitions shopping in this country, as reported, it is safe to assume that a certain unpleasant little incident back in 1898 has been forgotten.—Kansas City Times.

It Was An Easy Job

Any southern town with reasonably good qualifications and a live commercial club secretary was able to get out a press agent story that the president's honeymoon would be in their vicinity.—Nodaway Democrat-Forum.

What Teddy Really Favors

Mr. Roosevelt rather ridicules "safety first" as a bad catch phrase because it is used on a Wilson campaign button, in spite of the fact that it favors him a genuine monopoly on a station favoring "danger first."—Kansas City Times.

Give It To the Poor Here

A big ship loaded with American supplies for Belgium was sunk the other day by a German submarine. There are plenty of people in this country that need food and clothing without sending thousands of dollars' worth to Belgium to run the risk of not arriving at its destination.—Excelsior Standard.

Pacifists Have No Use For It

The price of the picture by Albert Besant, "Peace," is estimated at \$200,000. The picture disappeared in New York City where it had been sent by the French government for exhibition. The American pacifists, however, cannot be suspected. They are willing to pay any price for peace.—St. Louis Times.

Chance for a Fight

Denmark refused to allow the Ford peace party to land in Copenhagen for the purpose of holding a peace meeting. Of course, Mr. Ford, being the head of the peace party, will not object. But what about Judge "Ben" Lindsey, who started war in Denver when the politicians attempted to chase him away from all the landing places?—Kansas City Times.

Putting It Over the Moosers

Some of the Progressive Republicans have discovered that the glad hand of the G. O. P. has been extended lately for the single purpose of taking snap judgment on them. The Chicago convention is to be held prior to some of the primaries of the Moose party. Well, about the only thing the Progressives can do to get justice is to affiliate with the Democratic party.—Glasgow Missourian.

All of the Roaches Work

Con. Roach, in a recent letter, answering some of his critics, showed that only one member of his large family was on the payroll of the state. This is a daughter who was a competent stenographer and earns every dollar she is paid. Because his family works Mr. Roach is justly proud of them, but he will not submit to misrepresentation from the press or campaign orators.—Glasgow Missourian.

Plain Bill Stone of Missouri

Senator William Joel Stone is revealing in a sack of Geniton apples sent him by a faithful and humble friend in Jefferson City, "Alex" Stater, a state house janitor. And as the senator sinks his molars deep into the juicy bosom of a Geniton, and its crisp delectability steals into his senses, the cares of state, the pomp of place, the dignity of office will fade away and he will be but plain Bill Stone, citizen of Grand Old Missouri.—Henry County Democrat.

Another Real Prosperity Item

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway shops in Sedalia were operated last Sunday on full time owing to rush orders for equipment. A bulletin announces that beginning next Monday and continuing until after further notice all employees will work nine hours a day on weeks days and eight hours on Sunday. This is the first time in many years there has been such a demand for cars.—Macon Times-Democrat.